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Foote

The Englishman Returned from Paris

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THE

ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM PARIS.

BEING THE SEQUEL TO

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

A FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

As performed at

The Theatres Royal in Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By *SAMUEL FOOTE*, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

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PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN

By *Mr. FOOTE.*

OF all the paſſions that poſſeſs mankind,
The love of novelty rules moſt the mind,
In ſearch of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.
From Lybia's deſerts hoſtile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves ſkip here from France,
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our Britiſh breaſts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputions———Gulliver,
Not only objects that affect the ſight,
In foreign arts and artiſts we delight,
Near to that ſpot where Charles beſtrides a horſe,
In humble proſe the place is Charing Croſs;
Cloſe by the margin of a kennel's ſide,
A dirty diſmal entry opens wide,
There with hoarſe voice, check ſhirt, and callous hand,
Duff's *Indian Engliſh trader takes his ſtand,*
Surveys each paſſenger with curious eyes,
And ruſtic Roger *falls an eaſy prize;*
Here's China porcelain that Chelſea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields.
With Turkey carpets that from Wilton *came,*
And Spaniſh tucks and blades from Birmingham,
Factors are forced to favour this deceit,
And Engliſh goods are ſmuggled thro' the ſtreet.
The rude to poliſh, and the fair to pleaſe,
The hero of to-night has croſs'd the ſeas,

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Tho' to be born a Briton *be his crime,*
He's manufactured in another clime.
'Tis Buck *begs leave once more to come before ye,*
The little subject of a former story,
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully shew.
For them and him we your indulgence crave,
'Tis ours still to sin on, and yours to save.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN

By *Mrs. BELLAMY.*

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town.
An Epilogue *is deem'd the ſureſt way*
To atone for all the errors of the play;
Thus when pathetic ſtrains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muſe, and wipes your eye,
With equal reaſon, when ſhe has made you laugh,
Melpomene *ſhould ſend you ſniveling off:*
But our Bard, unequal to the taſk,
Rejects the dagger, and retains the maſk:
Fain would he ſend you chearful home to-night,
And harmleſs mirth by honeſt means excite;
Scorning with luſcious phraſe or double ſenſe,
To raiſe a laughter at the fair's expence.
What method ſhall we chooſe your taſte to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little wit?
Thank ye, kind ſouls, I'll take it from the pit.
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
Up ſtarts that fatal phalanx, *call'd* The Town:
In full aſſembly weighs our author's fate,
And Surly *thus commences the debate:*
Pray, among friends, does not this poiſoning ſcene
The ſacred rights of Tragedy profane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, ſtark naught, upon my ſoul!
Then Buck *cries,* Billy, *can it be in nature?*
Not the leaſt likeneſs in a ſingle feature.

My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious piece;
Let's come on Friday *night and have a hiſs.*
To this a peruquier aſſents with joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
In ſuch diſtreſs what can the poet do?
Where ſeek for ſhelter when thoſe foes purſue?
He dares demand protection, ſirs, from you.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

At *COVENT-GARDEN.*

BUCK	Mr. *Foote.*
CRAB	Mr. *Sparks.*
LORD JOHN	Mr. *White.*
MACRUTHEN	Mr. *Shuter.*
RACKET	Mr. *Cuſhing.*
TALLYHOE	Mr. *Caſtallo.*
LATITAT	Mr. *Dunſtall.*
SERGEON	Mr. *Wignel.*
LUCINDA	Mrs. *Bellamy.*

La Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS.

ACT I.

Crab *discovered reading.*

AND I do constitute my very good friend, Giles Crab, *esq. of* St. Martin in the Fields, *executor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to my ward* Lucinda; *and do submit to his direction, the management of all my affairs, till the return of my son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.*

John Buck.

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see, I find myself heir, by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery, the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop abroad; together with the direction of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates business, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why how the devil came I to merit——

Lat. The defence and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the ſtatute common and cuſtomary, or as *Plowden* claſſically and elegantly expreſſes it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, conſulta ſenatus,
Hæc tria jus ſtatuunt terra Britanna tibi.

Crab. Zounds, ſir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own houſe?

Lat. Sir, a man's houſe is his *caſtellum*, his caſtle; and ſo tender is the law of any infringement of that ſacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandeſtinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deemed *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, ſir, a burglary may be committed either upon the dwelling, or out-houſe.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your clerk, ſir——The parties, he ſays, are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but juſt explain to Mr. *Crab*, the nature of a burglary, as it has been deſcribed by a late ſtatute.

Crab. Zounds, ſir, I have not the leaſt curioſity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman ſhould know——

Crab. I won't know. Beſides, your clients——

Lat. O, they may ſtay. I ſhan't take up five minutes, ſir——A burglary———

Crab. Not an inſtant.

Lat. By the common law.———

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *clauſum fregit*.

Crab. Dear ſir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par———

Crab.

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, ſir, get out of my houſe.

Serv. Your clients, ſir———

Crab. Puſh him out [*the lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, raſcal, if you ſuffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll ſtrip and diſcard you the very minute.—[*Exit Serv.*]—This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad, every inſtant, I'd fly for it myſelf and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young maſter's travelling tutor, ſir, juſt arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I ſuppoſe, the blockhead of a baronet is cloſe at his heels. Shew him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumſy curate of the knight's own pariſh church, or ſome needy highlander, the out-caſt of his country, who, with the pride of a *German* baron, the poverty of a *French* marquis, the addreſs of a *Swiſs* ſoldier, and the learning of an academy uſher, is to give our heir apparent politeneſs, taſte, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himſelf.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am your devoted ſervant.

Crab. Oh, a *Britiſh* child, by the meſs.—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between *Canterbury* and *Rocheſter*, I was ſtopt, and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! what the devil could he rob you of?

Mac.

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. *Buchanan's* hiſtory, *Lauder* againſt *Melton*, and two pound of high-dried *Glaſgow*.

Crab. A travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir *Charles?* I left him at *Calais*, with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, Maiſter *Crab?* In gude troth there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a ſhrewd gueſs at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare ſwear, but not an unuſual one at *Paris*. The Faux-bourg of *St. Germains*, ſwarms with ſuch, to the no ſmall amuſement of our very good friends the *French*.

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I ſuppoſe he's a perfect maſter of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maiſter of the accent.

Crab. A moſt aſtoniſhing progreſs!

Mac. Suſpend your judgement awhile, and you'll find him all you wiſh, allowing for the ſallies of juvenility; and muſt take the vanity to myſelf of being, in a great meaſure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he muſt be a finiſhed piece.

Mac. You are pleaſed to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I ſuppoſe you, and your—what's your name?

Mac. Macruthen, at your ſervice.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable diſpoſition.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it would be wrong to sour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister *Crab.*

Crab. Oh, by no means, Master *Macruthen*; all your business was to keep him out of frays; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they should be. You pimp'd for him I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand pounds a year?

Mac. Why, to be sure great allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, Maister *Crab*, you know mankind. you are Sir *John Buck's* executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Could na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet?

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o'the cash: and I caw make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ; and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a ſuperlative raſcal art thou, thou inhoſpitable villain! Under the roof, and in the preſence, of thy benefactor's repreſentative, with almoſt his ill-beſtowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child! And, from what part of my life didſt thou derive a hope of my compliance with ſuch a helliſh ſcheme?

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am of a nation——

Crab. Of known honour and integrity; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in conſigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predeceſſors, in preference to its proper ſubjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be ſure——

Crab. And one happineſs it is, that though national glory can beam a brightneſs on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a diſgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, Maiſter *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and confuſion choak thy utterance. Avoid my ſight. Vaniſh!—[*Exit Mac.*]—A fine fellow this, to protect the perſon, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the deſires of an unbridled boy! But can it be ſtrange, whilſt the parent negligently accepts a ſuperficial recommendation to ſo important a truſt, that the perſon whoſe wants perhaps, more than his abilities make deſirous of it, ſhould conſider the youth as a kind of property, and not conſider what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future ſordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's preſent

preſent prevailing paſſions? But vice and folly rule the world.—Without, there!—[*Enter Serv.*]—Raſcal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Freſh inſtances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my deteſtation of mankind. This turn may be term'd miſantrophy; and imputed to chagrin and diſappointment. But it can only be by thoſe fools, who, through ſoftneſs or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, through the wrong end of the perſpective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I ſuppoſe your ſpirits are all afloat. You have heard your fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your uſual diſcernment, ſir, you would diſtinguiſh, in my countenance, an expreſſion very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I ſuppoſe your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot died in moulting.

Luc. A perſon leſs cenſorious than Mr. *Crab*, might aſſign a more generous motive for my diſtreſs.

Crab. Diſtreſs! a pretty, poetical phraſe. What motive canſt thou have for diſtreſs? Has not Sir *John Buck*'s death aſſured thy fortune? and art not thou——

Luc. By that very means, a helpleſs, unprotected orphan.

Crab. Pho', prithee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the ſex: the objects of every woman's wiſh are property and power. The firſt you have, and the ſecond you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding poſt to put on your chains.

Luc.

Luc. It would appear affectation not to underſtand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that ſubject I wiſh'd to engage you.

Crab. Your information was needleſs; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why ſo ſevere? I did flatter myſelf that the very warm recommendation of your deceaſed friend, would have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy.* Age and contempt have long ſhut theſe gates againſt flattery and diſſimulation. You have no ſex for me. Without preface, ſpeak your purpoſe.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying Sir *Charles Buck?*

Crab. And do you ſeriouſly want my advice?

Luc. Moſt ſincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why where could you mend yourſelf? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl.—[*Enter* Servant]—Who ſent for you, ſir?

Ser. Sir, my young maſter's poſt-chaiſe is broke down, at the corner of the ſtreet, by a coal-cart. His clothes are all dirt, and he ſwears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his chaiſe to the coach-maker's, his coat to a ſcowerer's, and him before a juſtice. —— Prithee why doſt trouble me? I ſuppoſe you would not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I ſhould?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice, is not a copy of your countenance, a maſk; if you are obedient, I may yet ſet you right.

Luc.

Luc. I ſhall, with pleaſure, follow your directions. [*Exit.*

Crab. Yes, ſo long as they correſpond with your own inclination. Now we ſhall ſee what *Paris* has done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter Buck, *Lord* John, La Loire, Bearnois, *and* Macruthen.

Buck. Not a word, *mi Lor, jernie*, it is not to be ſupported!—after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *pavé*, to be tumbled into a kennel, by a filthy *charbonnier*; a dirty retailer of ſea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. *J.* An accident that might have happened any where, Sir *Charles*.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that *canaille*, that murtherous mob, with the barbarous—Monſieur in the mud, huzza! Ah, *pais ſauvage, barbare, inhoſpitable!* ah, ah, *qu'eſt ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maiſter *Crab*, your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, monſieur. Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? *Mac*, my Lor, *mort de ma vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roaſt-beef* of the *French* comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monſieur-Jack-Roaſt-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Prithee take a turn or two round the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your life, ſeen any thing ſo, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many ſpectators of your tumble.

Buck. Pourquoi? Why ſo?

Crab. Becauſe I would not have the public curioſity foreſtalled. I can't but think, in a country ſo fond of ſtrange ſights, if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my perſon would produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very groteſque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'eſt ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha.

Ld. *J.* The reſemblance does not ſtrike me. Perhaps I may ſeem ſingular; but the particular cuſtoms of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why ſo?

Ld. *J.* Becauſe in this caſe it is impoſſible to have a rule for your judgement. The forms and cuſtoms which climate, conſtitution and government have given to our kingdom can never be tranſplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly oppoſite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be ſtrictly, becauſe naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are ſome glimmerings of common-ſenſe about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you ſtumble upon this blockhead?—[*to* Buck]—I ſuppoſe the line of your underſtanding is too ſhort to fathom the depth of your companion's reaſoning.

Buck. My dear. [*gapes.*]

Crab. I ſay, you can draw no concluſion from the above premiſes.

Buck. Who I? Damn your premiſes, and concluſions too. But this I conclude from what I have ſeen, my dear, that the *French* are the firſt people

people in the univerſe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world, and that whoſoever would either eat, drink, dreſs, dance, fight, ſing, or even ſneeze, *avec elegance*, muſt go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And theſe precious principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. C'eſt vrai, Monſieur Crab: and with the aid of theſe brother miſſionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proſelytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez.* This is an officer of my houſehold, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiſs Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you ſuppoſe we have no porters?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a diſagreeable viſiter; for politeneſs in introducing a miſtreſs, acuteneſs in diſcerning, and conſtancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the *Cantons*.

Crab. Aſtoniſhing qualities!

Buck. Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. Très bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, *Monſieur Crab*, is my cook *La Loire*, and for *hors d'oeuvres, entre rotis, ragoûts, entremets*, and the diſpoſition of a deſert, *Paris* never ſaw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I ſuppoſe, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his ſtipend.

Crab. You could do no leſs.

Buck. And now, ſir, to compleat my equipage, *regardez Monſieur La Jonquil*, my firſt *valet de chambre*, excellent in every thing: but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, *La Jonquil* ſhall, for fifty to five, knot, twiſt, tye, friſe, cut, curl, or comb with any *garçon perruquier*, from the land's end, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public ſpirit muſt you have, to drain your purſe, mortify your inclination, and expoſe your perſon, for the mere improvement of your countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at preſent I had another reaſon for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why I find there is a likelihood of ſome little fracas between us. But, upon my ſoul, we muſt be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable creatures, for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then.

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite civility ſhewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly profeſſions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendſhip, you booby! Yes, their civility at *Paris*, has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendſhip to your

your nation leave it a foot of land in the univerſe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a ſtrange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you miſtake this thing egregiouſly. But all you *Engliſh* are conſtitutionally ſullen.—November fogs, with ſalt boil'd beef, are moſt curſed recipes for good-humour, or a quick apprehenſion. *Paris* is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live! *Vive l'amour! Sans amour, et ſans ſes deſirs, un cœur eſt bien moins heureux qu'il ne penſe.*

Crab. Now would not any ſoul ſuppoſe that this yelping hound had a real reliſh for the country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural ſuppoſition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

Crab. To thee the moſt ſolitary ſpot upon earth, my dear.—Familiar puppy!

Buck. Whimſical enough. But come, *pour paſſer le tems*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little debate. Mi Lor, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the diſpute between that ſource of delights, *ce paradis de plaiſir*, and this cave of care, this ſeat of ſcurvy and the ſpleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maiſter *Crab* has met with his match.

Buck. And firſt for the great pleaſure of life, the pleaſure of the table; ah, *quelle difference!* The eaſe, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *perciflage*, the *double entendre*, the *chanſons à boire*. Oh, what delicious moments have I paſs'd *chez madame la ducheſſe de Barbouliac.*

Crab. Your miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it poſſible

for a woman of her rank, to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac.*

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to ſay truth, the whole city of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. Taiſez vous, Mac. But we loſe the point in view. Now, *Monſieur Crab,* let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And firſt, the melancholy miſtreſs is fixed in her chair, where, by the bye, ſhe is condemned to do more drudgery than a dray-horſe. Next proceeds the maſter, to marſhal the gueſts, in which as much caution is neceſſary, as at a coronation, with, "My lady, ſit here," and, "Sir *Thomas,* ſit "there," till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have deſtroyed all apprehenſions of the meat burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' ſay Sir *Charles* was a phœnomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in ſolemn ſilence, they proceed to demoliſh the ſubſtantials, with, perhaps, an occaſional interruption, of, "Here's to you, "friends," "Hob or nob," "Your love and "mine." Pork ſucceeds to beef, pies to puddings: the cloth is removed: madam, drenched with a bumper, drops a curteſy, and departs; leaving the jovial hoſt, with his ſprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, Monſieur Crab.*

Crab. It is a thouſand pities that your father is not a living witneſs of theſe prodigious improvements.

Buck. C'eſt vrai. But *à propos,* he is dead, as you ſay, and you are———

Crab.

Crab. Againſt my inclination, his executor.

Buck. Peut être; well, and ———

Crab. Oh, my taſk will ſoon determine. One article, indeed, I am ſtrictly enjoined to ſee performed; your marriage with your old acquaintance *Lucinda.*

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde! *& comment.*—

Crab. Prithee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuſe to marry her, twenty thouſand pounds; and if ſhe rejects you, which I ſuppoſe ſhe will have the wiſdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But could we not have an *entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na' ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yourſelf in a more ſuitable garb, upon a firſt viſit to your miſtreſs?

Crab. Oh, ſuch a figure and addreſs can derive no advantage from dreſs.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac's* hint may not be ſo *mal à propos. Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, ſhall I treſpaſs upon your patience? My toilet is but the work of ten minutes. *Mac*, diſpoſe of my domeſtics *à leur aiſe*, and then attend me with my portfeuille, and read, while I dreſs, thoſe remarks I made in my laſt voyage from *Fontainbleau* to *Compeigne.*

Serviteur, Meſſieurs;
Car le bon vin
Du matin
Sortant du tonneau,
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne. [Exit.

Crab. This is the moſt conſummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father, what a puppy *Paris* would produce him; but travel is the word, and the conſequence, an importation of every foreign folly: and thus the plain perſons and principles of old *England*, are ſo confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have loſt all our ancient characteriſtic, and are become a bundle of contradictions; a piece of patch-work; a mere harlequin's coat.

Ld. *J.* Do you ſuppoſe then, ſir, that no good may be obtained———

Crab. Why, prithee, what have you gained?

Ld. *J.* I ſhould be ſorry my acquiſitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, ſir, the ſhaking off ſome native qualities, and the being made more ſenſible, from compariſon of certain national and conſtitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

Crab. You ſhew the favourable ſide, young man: but how frequently are ſubſtituted for national prepoſſeſſions, always harmleſs, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to deſpiſe his country, ſins againſt the moſt laudable laws of nature; he is a traitor to the community, where providence has placed him; and ſhould be denied thoſe ſocial benefits he has rendered himſelf unworthy to partake. But ſententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

Ld. *J.* I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab.* Principles that call for perpetual practice, cannot be too ſoon received. I ſincerely thank you, ſir, for this communication, and ſhould be happy to have always near me ſo moral a monitor.

Crab.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young man waits here, till your puppy is powdered. You may aſk him after your *French* acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not ſeem to be altogether ſo great a fool as your fellow. [*Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, ſir, you have had but a diſagreeable *tête-à-tête.*

Ld. *J.* Juſt the contrary, madam. By good ſenſe, tinged with ſingularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab*'s manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to 'em, I know his integrity, and can never be diſobliged by his ſincerity.

Ld. *J.* This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who muſt have received her firſt impreſſions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-ſex. But good ſenſe can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I poſſeſs, was taught me by a very ſevere miſtreſs, adverſity. But you, ſir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buck*, not to have known my ſituation.

Ld. *J.* I have heard your ſtory, madam, before I had the honour of ſeeing you. It was affecting: you'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes intereſting. However, it is impoſſible I ſhould

ſhould not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy cataſtrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thouſand unforeſeen accidents may interrupt.

Ld. *J.* Could I hope, madam, your preſent critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I ſhould take the liberty to preſume, if the ſuit of Sir *Charles* be rejected——

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngſter! what I ſuppoſe you are already practiſing one of your foreign leſſons. Perverting the affections of a friend's miſtreſs, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes, in modern morality. But at preſent you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller.—[*Exit.* Ld. *J.*]—I would ſpeak with you in the library. [*Exit.*

Luc. I ſhall attend you, ſir. Never was ſo unhappy an interruption. What could my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wiſh of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to ſacrifice all my future peace? But reaſon not, raſh girl; obedience is thy province.

Tho' hard the taſk, be it my part to prove
That ſometimes duty can give laws to love.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT II.

Buck *at his Toilet, attended by three* Valets de Chambre *and* Macruthen.

Mac. NOtwithſtanding aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether Maiſter *Crab* is ſo honeſt a man.

Buck. Prithee, *Mac,* name not the monſter. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

Who is knight of the ſhire repreſents 'em all.

Did ever mortal ſee ſuch *mirroirs,* ſuch looking-glaſs as they have here too! One might as well addreſs oneſelf, for information, to a bucket of water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, aſſez. Eh bien, Mac, miſerable!* Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this place; I really could have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this—[*Enter* Ld. *John*]—My dear Lord, *je demande mille pardons,* but the terrible fracas in my chaiſe has ſo *gâtéed* and diſordered my hair, that it required an age to adjuſt it.

Ld. *J.* No apology, Sir *Charles,* I have been entertained very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

Ld. *J.* The very individual lady that's ſoon to make you a happy huſband.

Buck.

Buck. A happy who? husband! What two very opposite ideas confounded *ensemble!* In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what accident have you discovered, that I was upon the point of becoming that happy —Oh, *un mari! Diable?*

Ld. *J.* The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possess'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratified, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Ld. *J.* It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire *Racket*, and Sir *Toby Tallyhoe*, who call themselves your honour's old acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident could they discover my arrival! My dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this Embarras.

Racket *and* Tallyhoe *without.*

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *Hottentots* have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I'll receive 'em *en cérémonie.*

Enter

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey boy, hoix, my little *Buck.*

Buck. Monſieur le Chevalier, votre très humble ſerviteur.

Tally. Hey.

Buck. Monſieur Racket, je ſuis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez vous? Don't you underſtand *French?*

Rack. Know *French!* No, nor you neither, I think, Sir *Toby,* foregad I believe the papiſtes ha bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd and transformed him too. Let me periſh, *Racket,* if I don't think he's like one of the folks we uſed to read of at ſchool, in *Ovid's Metamorphis;* and that they have turned him into a beaſt.

Rack. A beaſt! No, a bird, you fool. Lookee, Sir *Toby,* by the Lord *Harry,* here are his wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and ſo they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket,* he came over with the woodcocks.

Buck. Voilà des véritables Anglois. The ruſtic rude ruffians!

Rack. Let us ſee what the devil he has put upon his pole, Sir *Toby.*

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear Savage, keep your diſtance.

Tally. Nay, fore George we will have a ſcrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a ſcrutiny.

Buck. En grace. La Jonquil, my Lor, proteſt me from theſe pyrates.

Ld. *J.*

Ld. *J.* A little compaſſion, I beg, gentlemen. Conſider, Sir *Charles* is on a viſit to his bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a band-box. *Racket*, hocks the heels.

Rack. I have 'em, knight. Foregad he is the very reverſe of a bantam cock; his comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here! What are theſe fellows, paſtry-cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired accompliſhments, letting your miſtreſs languiſh for a——but you have company, I ſee.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpreſſibly happy. Theſe gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what I believe they call in this country, a rout.—My dear Lor, if you don't favour my flight. But ſee if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet.

Ld. *J.* Now's your time, ſteal off; I'll cover your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to re-ſettle my *cheveux.—Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher* my l or.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby*, ſtole away!

Buck. O mon Dieu.

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our purpoſe. You muſt know we intend to kick up a riot, to-night, at the play-houſe, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would ſwoon at the ſight of a cudgel.

Ld. *J.* Pray, ſir, what is your cauſe of contention?

Tally. Cauſe of contention, hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Racket.

Racket. Angry about! Why you know we are to demoliſh the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. *J.* I beg to be excuſed.

Rack. May hap you are a friend to the *French.*

Ld. *J.* Not I, indeed ſir. But if the occaſion will permit me a pun, tho' I am far from being a well-wiſher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come to-night, you'll ſplit your ſides with laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faſter, than ever they have done ſince the battle of *Blenheim.* Come along, *Racket.* [*Exit.*

Ld. *J.* Was there ever ſuch a contraſt?

Crab. Not ſo remote as you imagine; they are ſcions from the ſame ſtock, ſet in different ſoils. The firſt ſhrub, you ſee, flowers moſt prodigally, but matures nothing; the laſt ſlip, tho' ſtunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but ſtill the growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda, *with a Servant.*

Luc. When Mr. *Crab*, or Sir *Charles*, enquire for me; you will conduct them hither —[*Exit. Serv.*] —How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the iſſue; but ſtill, in my circumſtances, a ſtate of ſuſpence is, of all ſituations, the moſt diſagreeable. But huſh, they come.

Enter

Enter Sir *Charles*, *Macruthen*, Ld. *John*, and *Crab*.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir *Charles Buck* craves the honour of kiſſing your hand.

Buck. Très humble ſerviteur. Et comment ſe porte Mademoiſelle. I am raviſhed to ſee thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.—Eh bien, ma reine!* Why you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dreſs'd you moſt diabolically. Why, what a *coiffeuſe* muſt you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total abſence of rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a cargo from *Deffreney* the day of my departure; ſhall I have the honour to ſupply you?

Luc. You are obliging, ſir, but I confeſs myſelf a convert to the chaſte cuſtoms of this country, and, with a commercial people, you known, ſir *Charles*, all artifice——

Buck. Artifice! You miſtake the point, *ma chere.* A proper proportion of red, is an indiſpenſible part of your dreſs; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear, in public, without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman, who puts on the firſt, would make very little difficulty in pulling of the laſt.

Buck. Oh, Monſieur *Crab*'s judgment muſt be deciſive in dreſs. Well, and what amuſements, what ſpectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one muſt *ennuier conſiderablement* in your *London* here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no diſtreſs for diverſions. We have an opera.

Buck.

Buck. Italien, I ſuppoſe, *pitoiable*, ſhocking, *aſſommant!* Oh, there is no ſupporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, chaſſé brillant ſoleil,*

Brillant ſoleil,
A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's muſic and melody.

Luc. What a fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma princeſſe.*

Luc. Oh, then we have plays.

Buck. That I deny, child.

Luc. No plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The aſſertion is a little whimſical.

Buck. Aye that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their compoſition, and ridiculous in their repreſentation.

Luc. Sir, I own myſelf unequal to the controverſy; but, ſurely *Shakſpeare*—My Lord, this ſubject calls upon you for its defence.

Crab. I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the *Chineſe Orphan*, in the preface to which Mr. *Voltaire* calls the principal works of *Shakſpeare* monſtrous farces.

Ld. *J.* Mr. *Crab* is right, madam. Mr. *Voltaire* has ſtigmatized with a very unjuſt and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great maſter of the paſſions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcuſable.

Luc. What could it be, my Lord?

Ld. *J.* The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author; that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater ſecurity.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable defamation.

Luc. And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a ſpirited expreſſion, no people upon earth——

Buck. You are impoſed upon, child; the *Lequeſne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gauſſen*, what dignity, what action! But, *à propos*, I have myſelf wrote a tragedy in *French*.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. En verité, upon *Voltaire*'s plan.

Crab. That muſt be a precious piece of work.

Buck. It is now in repetition at the *French* comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gauſſen* perform the principal parts. Oh, what an *eclat!* What a burſt will it make in the parterre, when the king of *Ananamaboe* refuſes the perſon of the princeſs of *Cochineal!*

Luc. Do you remember the paſſage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And firſt the king.

Ma chere princeſs, je vous aime, c'eſt vrai;
De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.
Mais ce n'eſt pas honnête pour un homme tel que moi,
De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the princeſs; ſhe is, as you may ſuppoſe, in extreme diſtreſs.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,
Ayez pitie de moi; je ſuis inconſolable.

[Then he turns his back upon her, at which ſhe in a fury]

Monſtre

Monſtre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeſte,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteſte!

[Then he]

Penſez vous, madame, à me donner la loi,
Votre haine, votre amour, ſont les mêmes choſes à moi.

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. *J.* Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's paſſion and poetry, and reaſon and rhime. Oh how I deteſt blood, and blank verſe! There is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo muſical, and ſo natural, in the rich rhimes of the *theatre François!*

Ld. *J.* I did not know Sir *Charles* was ſo totally devoted to the *belles lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taſte, I am every night at the *Caffé* Procope*, and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curſt country, I make no doubt but you would have ſeen my name among the foremoſt of the *French* academy.

Crab. I ſhould think you might eaſily get over that difficulty, if you will be but ſo obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen ſhall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impoſſible. From the barbarity of my education, I muſt ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. En verité?

Crab. En verité.

Buck. You flatter me.

* A coffee-houſe oppoſite the French comedy, where the wits aſſemble every evening.

Crab. But common juſtice.

Mac. Nay, maiſter *Crab* is in the right, for I have often heard the French themſelves ſay, Is it poſſible that gentleman can be *Britiſh ?*

Buck. Obliging creatures ! And you concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. *J.* Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me !

Crab. Egregious puppy ! But we loſe time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will.

Buck. No ; I read no *Engliſh.* When *Mac* has turned it into *French,* I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will diſcharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *eclairciſſement.* Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monſieur *Crab,* my Lor, *Mac.*

Crab. Along with us. [*Exit.*

Buck. A comfortable ſcrape I am in ! What the deuce am I to do ? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I ſuppoſe. A pretty employment !

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that *Crab, ma petite.* But, *à propos,* How d'ye like my Lord.

Luc. He ſeems to have good ſenſe and good breeding.

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has ſomething of a foreign kind of air about him ?

Luc. Foreign ?

Buck. Aye, ſomething ſo *Engliſh* in his manner.

Luc.

Luc. Foreign, and *Engliſh!* I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the eaſe, the *je ne ſçai quoi*, the *bon ton.*—In a word, he does not reſemble me now.

Luc. Not in the leaſt.

Buck. Ah, I thought ſo. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma chere*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir *Charles?*

Buck. Why, *je penſe, ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Aye, child, is there any thing ſo extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praiſe, that he had already ſummoned the garriſon to ſurrender.

Luc. To carry on the alluſion, I believe my Lord is too good a commander, to commence a fruitleſs ſiege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chere.*

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr. *Crab* had made that unneceſſary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect ſomething of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot againſt the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of ſome men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the miſchief they can in their life, they are for intailing their malevolence, like their eſtates, to lateſt poſterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir *Charles*, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man, who had the misfortune to call you ſon, compel me to inſiſt, that in my

preſence, at leaſt, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heydey! What, in heroics, *ma reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! ſo ſoon to trample on his aſhes, whoſe fond heart, the greateſt load of his laſt hours were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle eſt folle, ſhe is mad, *ſans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one ſacred relation, regard another? Can the monſter who is corrupt enough to contemn the place of his birth, reverence thoſe who gave him being?——impoſſible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine ſoliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we ſhall underſtand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do underſtand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuſe me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and ſo concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. Vous allez trop vite, you are to quick, *ma chere.* If I recollect, the conſequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thouſand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the leaſt inclination to do.

Luc. No, ſir? Why you own that marriage—

Buck. Is my averſion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you pleaſe; but I have a prodigious love for the *Louis'*.

Luc. Oh, we'll ſoon ſettle that diſpute; the law——

Buck.

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine.* I don't find that my provident father has preciſely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I ſay, my ſoul, there goes no more to your dying a maid, than my living a batchelor.

Luc. O, ſir, I ſhall find a remedy.

Buck. But now ſuppoſe, *ma belle,* I have found one to your hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And firſt, *mon enfant;* tho' I have an irreſiſtable antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your perſonal charms; in the poſſeſſion of which, if you pleaſe to place me, not only the aforeſaid twenty thouſand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted ſhall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, ſir, your other. For this is—

Buck. I grant, not quite ſo faſhionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his aſſiſtant, his private friend, his *cicisbei.* And as we are to be joint partakers of your perſon, let us be equal ſharers in your fortune, *ma belle.*

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing: Thy miſtreſs! Gracious heaven! Univerſal empire ſhould not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuſe could a woman of the leaſt ſenſe or ſpirit make, for ſo unnatural a connection!

Buck. Fort bien!

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canſt thou be weak enough to ſuppoſe thy frippery dreſs, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très bien!

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: For thy dreſs, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou haſt loſt thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc. Had not thy vanity ſo ſoon expoſed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name, to which thou art a diſgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I ſhould have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be ſure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquiſitions; *c'eſt-à-dire*, that I can, with a moſt intrepid *ſang froid*, without a ſingle emotion, ſupport all this ſtorm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle.* And when a cool hour of reflection has made you ſenſible of the propriety of my propoſals, I ſhall expect the honour of a card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. Pour jamais! Foregad ſhe would make an admirable actreſs. If I once get her to *Paris*, ſhe ſhall play a part in my piece. [*Exit.*

Luc. I am aſhamed, this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Dear Mr. *Crab*——

Enter

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Ld. *J.* We have been unwillingly, madam, ſilent witneſſes to this ſhameful ſcene. I bluſh that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, ſhould be in his morals ſo much below.—

Crab. Prithee why didſt thou not call thy maids, and toſs the booby in a blanket?

Ld. *J.* If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intended ſaying, when interrupted by Mr. *Crab*—

Luc. My lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe, I gueſs at your generous deſign; but my temper is really ſo ruffled, beſides I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

Ld. *J.* Dear madam, can I aſſiſt?

Luc. Only by deſiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

Ld. *J.* No apology. You honour me, madam.

Crab. And prithee, wench, what is thy ſcheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmleſs one, I promiſe you.

Crab. Zounds, I am ſorry for it. I long to ſee the puppy ſeverely puniſhed, methinks.

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the houſe. Will you deſire him to ſtep hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wiſh to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll ſend him. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place theſe things on the table, a chair on each ſide: very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice.*

[*Exit* Lettice.

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, ſo, I thought ſhe would come to; but, I confeſs not altogether ſo ſoon. *Eh bien, ma belle,* ſee me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be ſeated, Sir *Charles.* I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into ſome expreſſions not altogether ſo ſuitable.

Buck. Ah *bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Voulez-vous du thé, monſieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of *beverage;* I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have ſome thoughts of giving it a faſhion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme ſervice to the ladies this ſide the water you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuſes a kind of ſpirit of converſation, and that—

Luc. En voulez-vous encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille graces.—But what has occaſioned me, *ma reine,* the honour of your meſſage by Mr. *Crab?*

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir *Charles,* I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your houſe, a more decent, and ceremonious *adieu,* than our laſt interview would admit of.

Buck.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere?* I thought your flinty heart had at laſt relented. Well, *ma reine, adieu.*

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it ſo.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this conſolation, however, that If I cannot legally poſſeſs you, no other woman ſhall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the pleaſure of living with you is denied me, in our deaths, at leaſt, we ſhall ſoon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death? When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs unutterable! The tea we drank, urged by deſpair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poiſon'd.

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart would have ſhared all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curſe your generoſity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a laſt embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it mayn't be too late. *Macruthen, Jonquil!* phyſicians, apothecaries, oil and antidotes. Oh! *je meurs, je meurs.* Ah, la diableſſe! [*Exit.*

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Crab. A brave wench. I could kiſs thee for this contrivance.

Ld. *J.* He really deſerves it all.

Crab. Deſerves it! Hang him. But the ſenſible reſentment of this girl has almoſt reconci'ed me to the world again. But ſtay, let us ſee—Can't we make a further uſe of the puppy's puniſhment? I ſuppoſe, we may very ſafely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Moſt ſecurely.

Crab. And this young thing here, has been breathing paſſions and proteſtations. But I'll take care, my girl ſha'nt go a beggar to any man's bed. We muſt have this twenty thouſand pound, *Lucy.*

Ld. *J.* I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Pſha, don't ſcorch me with thy flames. Reſerve your raptures; or, if they muſt have vent, retire into that room, whilſt I go plague the puppy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Phyſician, Surgeon. Buck *in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the ſix bliſters on your head and back riſe, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a ſhoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are ſymptoms of a ſtrong poiſon.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab, Where is this miſerable devil? What's he alive ſtill?

Mac.

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O what could provoke me to return from *Paris?*

Crab. Had you never been there, this could not have happened.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poiſon'd him, *Racket?*

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a poſſibility of thy reformation, I have yet a ſecret to reſtore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not ſo faſt. It muſt be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my eſtate, my—ſave but my life, take all.

Crab. Firſt then renounce thy right to that lady, whoſe juſt reſentment has drawn this puniſhment upon thee; and, in which ſhe is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my ſoul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witneſſes. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your waſhes, paints, pomades, muſt blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag ſhall be reſerved. The execution of this part of your ſentence ſhall be aſſigned to your old friends here.

Buck.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come *Racket*, let's rummage.

[*Exeunt* Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Crab. And, laſtly, I'll have theſe exotic attendants, theſe inſtruments of your luxury, theſe panders to your pride, pack'd in the firſt cart, and ſent poſt to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil.*

Crab. Not an inſtant. The importation of theſe puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends, the *French*; unable to reſiſt you, whilſt you retain your ancient roughneſs, they have recourſe to theſe minions, who would firſt, by unmanly means, ſap and ſoften all your native ſpirit, and then deliver you an eaſy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it muſt be ſo, *adieu La Jonquil.* [*Exeunt* Jonquil *and* Bearnois.

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda.*

Enter Lucinda *and Lord* John.

Buck. Hey, why did not ſhe ſwallow the poiſon?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Buc. Aye, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir *Charles.* But you allow me to be an excellent actreſs.

Buck. Oh, curſe your talents!

Crab. This fellow's public renunciation, has put your perſon and fortune in your own power: and if you were ſincere in your declaration of being directed by me, beſtow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my ſincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. *J.*

Ld. *J.* With more tranſport, than Sir *Charles* the news of his ſafety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at preſent, in a condition to take poſſeſſion of your poſt.

Buck. What ?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private friend; his aſſiſtant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho !

Mac. But, Sir *Charles*, as I find the affair of the poiſon was but a joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your bliſters ?

Crab. No, let 'em ſtick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we cloſe the ſcene, receive, young man, this laſt advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happineſs to be born a *Briton*, let it be your boaſt; know that the bleſſings of liberty are your birthright, which while you preſerve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that *French* faſhions are as ill-ſuited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to theſe ſacred truths, you'll find,
That poiſon for your puniſhment deſign'd
Will prove a wholeſome medicine to your mind.

[Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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